

The Island of REGENERATION

By
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Illustrations by **RAY WATERS**
SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideal. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Brenton, a character of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore when a child. Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire, he became infatuated with her and they decided to put her theories into practice. With no other ceremony than a handshake, they set away together. A few days on his yacht revealed to her that he only professed lofty ideals to possess her. While drunk he attempted to kiss her. She knocked him down and leaves him unconscious, escaping in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years' teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it. Langford, on his yacht, sights the beacon and orders his yacht put in. The woman recognizes the yacht and tells her companion that a man on board had captured her in the greatest way. Langford recognizes Katharine. He tells the man that she had been his mistress, and narrowly escapes being killed.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"I appeal to you," said the woman, turning to Langford, "send back the men. A moment since I saved your life. At a word from me he would have thrown you from him and broken your back. Be generous. You must. And this man shall give me a hearing. You are safe from him, I promise you."

What might have been the result of this appeal can never be determined, for at that moment a new factor entered upon the scene, a factor whose presence was as surprising and unexpected as it was determinative. From out to sea, yet near at hand, came a muffled detonation, the roar of a heavy gun. Around one of the headlands that rose on that side of the island there swept the white sides of another great ship beside which the yacht, imposing though she was, was a toy. It was the woman who saw it first.

"Look!" she cried. "A ship of war, a cruiser. See, from her staff the flag of the United States. This land is American. I claim it by right of discovery. Lay but a hand upon this man, and I will have you hanged for murder, Langford. They see us there. Their glasses have searched the shore. They have seen this encounter. That gun was a warning. A boat puts off. Thank God, we are saved from you!" Things had transpired even as she said. What the cruiser was doing in those seas, how happened she to be there were things as yet unknown, but that she was there was apparent. She had approached the island from the other side, and had sailed around it. Her men had observed the encounter on the shore, which seemed to be between natives and persons from the yacht, which was in plain view a little farther out to sea, and the gun had been fired to call attention to the power of the United States.

This put an entirely new face on the whole affair. Matters were taken out of the hands of the parties to the quarrel. The law had come to the island. The islander did not, could not know it, but his baffled antagonist realized it immediately. So did the woman. At Langford's command, his men, much bewildered at the scene they had witnessed, went back to their boat. He himself presently followed after, and stood upon the strand awaiting the approach of the heavy man-of-war cutter which had been put away from the white cruiser's side.

"Man," she said, softly, "this is what I had to tell you." He nodded. A hollow groan burst from his lips.

"His mistress," he muttered, brokenly.

"I would not have had you learn in this way, and now that you have heard so much, you must hear more," she went on, not sparing herself, though she might have justly resented the word. She was dealing with more serious things than words now, bitter though they might be. "That ship, which is the ship of our country, stands for law as his for license. I was more stung against than stung. When you have heard all, then you shall judge. This is the test."

"Would God that it had never been laid upon me," said the man, hoarsely. "Would God that the beacon had not been lighted on the hill!"

"Nay," returned the woman, gently, "that's past praying for. Decision rests with you, but you must not pass it until you have heard the whole story. The world holds me stained, polluted, it may be said, but I am not the sinner that it thinks me or he portrays."

"You said it was true," doggedly cried the man.

"Yes, but not all true."

"And I had him in my hands, and still he lives."

"Won't you hear me?" pleaded the woman.

tion, which the child of nature could not see forthcoming. He wanted to be away from her and alone, and he turned as if to plunge into the depths of the forest, but with gentle force she restrained him.

"You are a man, with a man's power and a man's soul and a man's heart, you cannot fly now. You must stay and face the problem. The question must be pursued to the bitter end. My life and your life depends upon what we do now, perhaps his life, too."

"O, God," cried the man, recurring again to that bitter thought, "I had him in my hands and spared him!"

"But you spared him for my sake," said the woman; "think of that."

"For your sake," declared the man, pointedly. "I would and should have killed him."

"Thou shalt not kill!" said the woman, softly.

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," returned the man. "He and you between you slew my heart. His death would be no murder, but retribution."

"But it was in part my fault," returned the woman, bravely making her confession.

"I will never believe it. It cannot be."

"And yet it was, but you shall have the whole wretched story to-day, and you shall judge. This much I will say, that though all that he said was true, yet I hold myself blameless and innocent. The world judges me harshly, and it may be that you will find its judgment just. Yet I do not hold myself as on trial at this moment, but you."

"I do not understand."

"There are many things that you do not understand, my friend."

"I would that I had been left in ignorance."

"Nay, that is not a man's wish, but a child's."

"Of one thing I am certain."

"And what is that?"

"That I should have killed him!"

"Nay," said the woman again, "that is not a child's wish, but a brute's."

"You said yourself," she flashed at her, "that there were some things a woman could not forgive, and this is one that a man puts in the same class."

The woman sighed. There occurred to her at the moment no answer which was adequate to the stark realism of this fact. The conversation had reached an impasse beyond which it could not progress without the full and complete explanation which now there was neither time nor opportunity to give, for the boat from the man-of-war was approaching the shore. The woman stepped resolutely down the strand to meet it, and the man, after a slight hesitation, followed her.

So soon as the boat's keel grated on the bottom in the shallow water a middle-aged officer rose from the stern sheets and stepped ashore followed by a younger companion in the uniform of a sergeant of marines. A little squad of privates in the bows landed and fell in line with martial celerity and precision. The officer in charge, who wore the white tropic uniform of a lieutenant commander, now faced the people on the island who had instinctively divided into two groups, one on either side of him. To the right stood the man and behind him the woman, to the left Langford, back of him his crew. It was to the latter that the officer first addressed himself.

"Sir," he began, "I am the executive officer of the United States cruiser Cheyenne, detached on special service. We raised this island this morning. Run it down, circled it, saw the yacht yonder—"

He paused.

"It is my yacht, sir, the Southern Cross," answered the other. "My name is Langford."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Langford. Mine is Whitaker."

The lieutenant commander touched his cap as he spoke, Langford lifted his, and the two shook hands.

"We saw," continued the lieutenant commander, "what appeared to be some sort of a fracas with the natives, and fired a gun to attract attention, and Capt. Ashby sent this boat party ashore under my charge to do whatever was necessary. Perhaps you can explain how you came to be embroiled with the natives."

"Sir," said the woman. And the fact that she addressed him in his own language, and with the cultured accents of the well-bred and the well-educated, caused the officer to start violently—"the island is mine."

Mr. Whitaker turned and looked deliberately at her, his surprise only equaled by his admiration. The tunic which she wore was a rough garment, and shapely, but few vestments were better calculated to set off her exquisite proportions. The grace and beauty of her figure, the nobility and intelligence of her face took added luster from the contrast of the utterly simple, natural and primitive. Whitaker's glance fell upon a well-nigh perfect woman. The constraining influences of civilization had been so long absent that nature had time and opportunity to reassert its claim. She was tall, exquisitely modeled. Her bare arms might have supplied those missing from the Venus of Milo; her limbs, which the short tunic to her knees left exposed, were perfect in their symmetry and strength; her feet were such as those to which ancient Greece had bowed; her hands were shapely, graceful, yet strong; her dark eyes looked at him fearlessly; her dark hair rose like a somber, cloudy crown above her brow. The fierce sun, the open air, the wild wind had not materially altered the clear, slightly olive pallor of her face. The woman had been beautiful before. Now that nature had had free way, she was nobly lovely. She had stood a little in the rear of the man at first and the lieutenant commander had not particularly observed her. When she spoke, she stepped into the open. He stared and stared amazed.

Indeed, the direct intensity of his glance added a sudden new perception to the woman's faculties and for

the first time in years she realized that she was standing before her fellows half naked. In one swift moment convention leaped across the mingling years and caught her in its arm. The red flashed into her cheek; beneath her rude vest her bosom rose and fell. Her instinct for the moment was to fly. She wished that she had put on those treasured garments which she had kept for a scene like this in that cave all those years. It was too late now. She summoned her courage, and realizing that dignity, after all, is not made of clothes or conventions, once more addressed him.

"Sir," she said, "my name is Katharine Brenton. I am not, as you might well think, a savage, but a castaway."

"I beg your pardon," said the officer, a man of wide reading and culture; "is it possible that you are the Katharine Brenton who wrote 'Fate and Destiny'?"

"I am that unhappy woman."

"Unhappy?"

"Yes," returned the other. "I—"

"Madam," said the lieutenant commander, flushing deeply and bowing in his turn. He had taken off his cap at her first word. "I beg your pardon, I have heard something of your story."

He was very much embarrassed. It was Langford who took up the tale.

"Since you know so much, Mr. Whitaker, you may as well hear the rest. Indeed, I am anxious that the world should hear it. Miss Brenton and I, we—er—did not believe in marriage, and we went away—together."

Every word was agony to Langford, who was a proud man; it was worse than agony to Katharine Brenton, who was a proud woman; and it was worst

woman, "to enter upon such an undertaking."

"No, by heaven!" cried Whitaker. Now, this conversation had been carried on with three auditors, or groups of auditors, besides those participating; Langford's yachtmen, the marines and seamen from the Cheyenne, for the boat was against the shore, and the man of the island. Whitaker first awoke to the situation.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but would it not be better to continue this conversation privately?"

"I think so," returned Langford.

"No," said the man of the island, addressing the lieutenant commander for the first time, "you and these men are the world. I want the story told where all the world may hear."

Whittaker's surprise at this remark was scarcely less than he had experienced when the woman addressed him. Who was this splendid, godlike form of man standing glooming by the woman's side, a silent, eager listener to all that transpired? What had he to do with the question that he assumed this tone and manner of authority? The officer turned toward the woman.

"I think," said he quietly, "that the lady should be allowed to decide."

"My wish is my friend's wish," said the woman laying her hand softly upon the man's arm.

Whittaker observed that the man shook it off nervously, but the point being settled, there was no further appeal.

"Pray proceed with your story, Mr. Langford," he continued.

"No, let me take up the tale," cried

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for my act. As for you, sir," he turned toward Langford, "I should be untrue to manhood if I did not say that you yourself have said; that you acted not only like a brute and a coward, but, sir, when I look at the lady, I am constrained to add like a fool."

Langford started forward, but the lieutenant checked him.

"Having said all that, I must admit that you have conducted yourself since that time as a man of honor and as a gentleman. I have no doubt that your offer will be accepted; that the world will forgive you as it will admire and respect your wife."

"No!" cried the man of the island, suddenly.

He had kept silence, resolved to hear it all out without interruption. He had suffered as the miserable story had been unfolded to such an extent that all that he had gone through with before seemed like child's play. He had heard Langford's noble confession, his generous offer to repair his wrong, but without the appreciation of it which the circumstances and its intrinsic quality might have evoked. He had heard the woman's defense, her splendid justification of her course, the bitter repentance that had followed it, but without that appreciation of what

justification there was for her and the value of her remorse which the account should have brought to him. He had observed Whitaker's prompt and touching expression of confidence and reverence, but without understanding its force and power. Indeed, he had instinctive shrewdness enough to realize that even though the sailors, touched by the act of gallantry and moved with pity for the young woman who stood there lovely in her sadness, had cheered, yet the world would be very slow to the same expression. He saw that the woman was face to face with a crisis; that she would either have to accept or decline Langford's offer to marry her at once.

His heart was filled with bitter rage. He knew that he loved the woman; that he never would love any person but the woman, but nevertheless the resentment against fate which had placed him in so awful a position, of whose malign purposes he had been the blind, ignoble victim, was so great that for the time being his love was in abeyance. He pitied himself, he loathed Langford, he was contemptuously indifferent to the world, and for the moment he almost hated the woman. The sub-consciousness that he had that this was ungrateful as it was unwarranted added to his wretchedness and misery.

"No," he cried, "before any answer is made, let me speak!"

"Your pardon," said Whitaker, "may I ask who you are?"

"Sir," returned the man, "as to who I am and what I am, I do not know, nor does it greatly matter."

"Your pardon again," retorted the lieutenant commander, coolly, "but it matters very much. Unless you have some right to interfere, I do not concede that any suggestion from you in this crisis which seems to concern these two people, this lady and this gentleman, is at all in order."

"But it does concern me," returned the man, impatient of this checking, "for I love this woman myself, and she has done me the honor to say that she loved me. I had intended to make her my wife should Providence ever bring us to civilization again."

"Had intended!" exclaimed the woman, under her breath, but no one noticed her words, and the lieutenant spoke again.

"That being the case, some information as to who you are and how you came here is the more evidently in order."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I Know That I Love Her Now."

agony of all to the man of the island. But Langford persisted. He did not care how he hurt himself. Indeed, he rather luxuriated in the consciousness of his own pain. It was part of his expiation. He realized that he would have hurt Katharine, but perhaps the very keenness of her pain would make her realize her position, and he wanted to win her, now that he had found her and seen her, more than ever. Nor was his passion a base one. Again he was ashamed of what he had already said, so he spoke the more frankly. He gave no thought at all to the other man, but if he had, he would have been glad to hurt him until he killed him.

"We went on my yacht yonder three years ago. I—in short—I behaved like a brute on it. I will admit."

"I discovered that he was a married man," said the woman swiftly at this juncture. She, too, would be frank. This grave and middle-aged officer should hear all. "He had professed his belief in those views, which, if you have read 'Fate and Destiny,' you realize that I entertained."

The officer bowed.

"And have you abandoned them now?" he asked.

"Absolutely," was the firm answer. "I am a Christian woman, thank God."

"Thank God, say I, too," continued Langford. "Yet I was not altogether a sham or a lie. It was true that I was a married man."

The lieutenant commander flashed a contemptuous look at him at which Langford winced, but he went on. He was determined to make an absolutely clean breast of the whole affair.

"It is true I was a married man, but I was under the spell of Miss Brenton's eloquence and of her beauty."

"I can well understand that," said the officer, gravely, as a matter of course.

"I thought that marriage meant nothing, and that the old tie might be disregarded. I hated the woman who bore my name, and so as Miss Brenton's disciple, as her devotee, for I loved her, I will admit, she smiled dreadfully, 'more than her philosophy,' I proposed that we should trample upon the conventions she had taught me to believe she despised, and go away together."

"But you were not free," said the

woman. "Believing that I was right, believing that the education and training which had made me what I was were sound, believing that this man was as free as I to choose his course and order his life, knowing nothing of his wife, I yielded to his pleadings. I thought it was a noble and splendid opportunity vouchsafed me and, in a measure, vouchsafed him to show the world that we did really believe what we said. Had I believed in God then I should have said his meeting with me, his conversion to my theories, his passion for me, his willingness to abide by my decision were Providential. I was glad to consecrate my life to the truth, with his aid to take the final step in attestation of my belief, to convince the world that one woman at least had the courage of her convictions. It was a mistake, a frightful mistake, an irreparable mistake, for which I suppose that I must suffer to the end of time."

"No," cried Langford, "I am here to repair the blunder."

"There is no power on earth," said the woman, passionately, "that can put me where I was; that can give me back that I have lost."

"Kate, Kate!" cried Langford, "you don't understand!"

"I understand too well. Why continue the sorry story? Mr. Whitaker, and you who are men beyond that, have wives and children and sweet hearts, that have been taught to love God, to believe in him, and to observe his laws, that have submitted yourselves gladly to the conventions of society—or if any be among you who have outraged these and gone against them, taken the law into your own hands—you will understand sooner or later what came to me. I discovered that there was nothing high or holy in this man's regard for me; that he persuaded himself that he believed as I simply to get possession of me. I awoke to a dreared realization, alone with him on that yacht. He was not kind to me. He acted according to his lights."

"I will confess it," said Langford. "I was a brute to her. I drank; I acknowledged that I had a wife; I said she was in my power; I called her vile names."

There was a low growl, a muttered roar from the men behind Whitaker. Even Langford's own men, in his own way, shrank back from him. The man

was frightfully pale, yet he went on resolutely, Whitaker stilling the tumult with upraised hand.

"No one," he cried, "can think more hatefully of a human being than I think of myself now. I have not learned her philosophy; I have learned another and a better. In some sort of a way at least I know that I can never be happy until I have made her happy. I know that I love her now as I should have loved her then; that I have hunted these seas for her without ceasing since she left me in a drunken stupor one night."

"Left you how?" asked the lieutenant commander.

"I am not quite clear. I must have descended very low," said Langford. "I remember some sort of a scene at supper, and when I awoke in the morning, or I didn't wake for six months, they found me in the morning with a fractured skull on the cabin floor, and they took me back to the United States. It was a year or more before I could begin the search for her."

"He said things to me that night," said the woman, "that no woman could endure or forgive. He came toward me. I threw him from me with such force and violence—I am a strong woman—that he lay senseless in the cabin. The motor launch had been got overboard for a trial and was trailing astern. I got in it, drifted away, started the motor and ran it until the gasoline was gone. I brought food and water from the cabin table. I lived a week in the boat, bearing southward all the time by means of a sail which I improvised from a boat cloak. One night there was a storm. At the height of it I was thrown upon this island. The—"

"I hoped," said Langford, taking up the tale, "that that might be the case, and with that end in view I have searched the Pacific. I have landed upon many uncharted islands. I have explored others little, if ever, visited, praying to God that she might be alive, that I might find her and make reparation, and now I have found her, at last when I had given up all hope, abandoned all expectation. And I stand here confessing my fault before men, ready to do anything and everything that a man can do to make amends for the past."

"But you have a wife," said Whitaker, coldly.

"No, she's dead these two years, thank God. I never loved her. It was a boyish infatuation for a designing adventuress who wanted a hold upon my father's money. I am free, free to make her my wife. I ask her, I beg her to take me, to give me a chance to show that I feel what I have done, to devote my life to expiation."

He stopped, wiped the moisture from his forehead, stood for a moment in the silence that followed his words, his face downcast. Then he lifted his haggard, worn, sad, the humiliation of the last few moments having entered into his soul.

"Kate," he said, softly, "your answer!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Woman's Plea.

"Miss Brenton," said Whitaker, with the deepest gravity he could infuse in voice and manner, "you have been a most unfortunate, a most unhappy woman. Allow me to assure you of my sincerest commiseration, my deepest respect, my most profound admiration. You have suffered, but innocently. If I may stand for the world as your companion has said, I can only express my reverence for you and my homage to you in this way."

He stepped nearer to her, he seized her hand. He was an old-fashioned, bumble-minded, quixotic sort of a sailor, if you will, for before anybody realized what he was about, he bent his head low over it and kissed it. And the sailors behind him and the marines in rank broke into a hearty cheer.

"There, madam," said Whitaker, "you have the approbation of society."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Intelligence of the Fox

Animal Apparently Able to Distinguish Between Real and False Dangers.

The intelligence of the fox is often shown by the way he refuses to be headed when he has made up his mind as to the safe course to take, says the London Globe. The West Somerset has an excellent fixture at Kilm, but it has one drawback—the sea is not far off, and foxes naturally often make for the cliffs, a secure refuge. A fox can be easily headed at times, but that is nearly always when to be seen would betray him to his enemies the hounds and give them an advantage; but when, if he makes his point, the advantage is on his side, then nothing will turn him.

To return to the West Somerset at Kilm, they found a fox, and the whippet, seeing that the fox meant to go to the cliffs if possible, started to head him off. The ground was open, and for half a mile the whippet and fox were taking parallel lines, the fox clearly meaning to slip by and find a refuge in the cliffs. The man turned the fox away at last, but in a short time the hounds lost him, and I believe he got back after all.

Again the master ranged up some of the field to prevent another fox going back into a certain covert. In vain whips were rattled against saddle flaps; the fox went right through the watchers and made his point. It is

a thing I have often noticed both with stag or fox, that the quarry seems to distinguish between real and false dangers.

Another Napoleon Relic. An interesting addition has been made to the contents of the Army Museum in Paris in the shape of the red and white ensign, ornamented with gold braid, which Napoleon gave to the troops in the island of Elba during his sojourn there. A French contemporary informs us that the flag came into the possession of Col. Campbell, whom the allies set to keep watch over the emperor, when he made his sudden departure from the island, and has remained in the family ever since. The gift is one which the French nation will no doubt be glad to have in its possession.

Good Advertising. A patent medicine concern in Hamburg, Germany, is sending through the mails and publishing in the illustrated papers a picture showing Commander Peary and Dr. Cook in arctic costume jointly planting the American flag at the north pole. The picture is remarkable for the flag, which has 30 stars and 21 stripes, eleven red and ten white, with the legend under the group: "America triumphs at the pole, but we have discovered the remedy."



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Miss Antiqua—For what?

Miss Caustique—At the very great number of disagreeable things I think of, but don't say.

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